

Letters Home from Cpl. Charles Pospisil, Arkansas to California, USA—Jan 1945

[Note: Letters as transcribed include corrections to syntax, grammar, and spelling. Material of a personal nature has been deleted in deference to remaining family members.]

Jan 1, 1945 (postmarked Little Rock, Arkansas)--The first day of the new year; has it brought you a good beginning?...Hope you're feeling fine and were able to usher in the new year with a big degree of success...It cleared up today, the first time in over a week. The sunshine was sure welcomed this morning. It was clear, crisp, and on the windy side...I can hardly write about last night, for it wasn't but a few minutes after I finished my few lines I wrote you, we were told to put the lights out in our day room. So, all we could do was shuffle off to bed. Oh, it was depressing, for not even over the radio could we hear the New Year bells sound out. To be honest, not a noise or cheer did we hear at 12 midnight...I went to bed and very hungry, to say the least, and as time went on it got worse...Finally fell asleep, but found it hard getting up this morning...Had rather an easy day, with classes until noon, and then after dinner we were paid, which took up to 3:00 and then we had another class with a movie, which wound up the day...Received two lovely letters, one at noon and one at evening, and sorry to hear you didn't receive your Xmas card. I believe it is lost if it hasn't been delivered to date...Yes, the whole month of Dec. was a hectic one. Won't forget it ever, I don't believe. It was rough and tough and I hope it is the last, and hence that is why my letters were of such poor quality. Not that they ever were any better, but there were more of them, to say the least...I purchased your gift before I went on bivouac. To be exact, it was the Sat. night and afternoon, before we left on Sun. morning. I realized time was short after we returned and hence acted quickly and all I had to do was mail it when I returned from bivouac. That is why you didn't receive that letter on Sat which I promised to write. There was a million and one things I did that day. The first was to purchase your Xmas gift...Glad you enjoyed the movies, for I know it is about your only recreation and so glad the pictures were good...Yes, I received a Xmas card from Aunt Til(?) and Uncle Stan, with a \$5 bill enclosed and also from Uncle Ed and Aunt Bert \$2. I wrote so few letters that it entirely slipped my mind. I've been so mixed up this past month that I don't know how I even got out of it the way I did.

Jan 2, 1945--I'm feeling fine. Hope you are feeling as good...Today was the first time I had R.P. (?)/K.P.(?) for ever so long, and what's more, it only lasted a 1/2 day. Wasn't bad at all. They sure do treat you like a human being at this M.P. school...After chow--evening chow--I took off for the post office, to send home to you a few extra clothes I had, which would be taken away shortly. I also picked up my laundry, which I brought back from bivouac and left at the expansion area. It was so dirty I didn't even attempt to wash it. The transportation to and from the expansion area is so poor I spent practically the entire evening tending to those two missions...However, I'm back now, will do a few odds and ends and prepare for bed...The weather has been the coldest today since 1917, according to the paper in Arkansas. Ten degrees above. Tonight, while I attended to the package, etc., we had a snow flurry; bet that will make headlines in tomorrow's papers. Ha, ha, ha...No letter today, but I'm not blaming you. Because I know you'll always have one for me...These days are going so low (sic) for me, because I'm anticipating coming home sometime between the 12 & 15th of Jan...Oh yes, I managed to get two rolls of film, which I'll bring home with me, unless I send another package before I leave, which is very likely...This brings a close to the highlights of my day, so until tomorrow, when I hope to have more good

news, Arvedvois (sic) my lovely one.

Jan 4, 1945--First, I've got to let you know I didn't write Wednesday night and why I didn't. Thirty-five of us was detailed on town patrol, which is part of our training here. Two other groups of thirty-five had it on Sat. last, and over New Year's holiday. We went on duty at 6:30, to come off at 12 midnight, which didn't leave any time for me...Today we got up early, at 5:30 am, and reported to the range for pistol and sub-machine gun familiarization course, which also is a required must. We finished at 5:00 pm, had chow--an exceptionally good one (of) chicken, mashed potatoes, string beans, tea, and ice cream, plus all the seconds you wanted. I had my share--ha, ha, ha--and enjoyed every bit of it. If they keep feeding us like this much more, why I'll gain all I lost at the expansion area, where I got the infantry training. However, I got quite a way to go yet to fill in...After chow I took off for town, to get myself a hair TRIM, because all the barbers on the post are given orders to give G.I. haircuts. This not being approved by me and many others, we run into town to get one. It costs a few pennies more, but one looks (N.B. some shorthand inserted here) way presentable then...The weather has been cold this morning, but warmed up considerably during the day and turned out to be a grand day. Being in the Army here, at the M.P. school, with the eats and all, makes one feel like fighting a war. Ha, ha, ha. Don't get me wrong and think I like it, but our morale is 100% better...Received several of your lovely letters, dear...Please don't feel bad about not sending a gift for the holidays. I'm sure we will be able to spend some of your money at home and enjoy it a lot more. You see, there is nothing I could use of any value and it's so much better you save it...There isn't anything else in the way of news and I have a few chores to do, like cleaning my mess gear, which I used on the range, and rinsing a few clothes before I retire for the night, so I'll excuse myself and write more tomorrow and answer all your letters in the bargain.

Jan 5, 1945--The weather has (been) grand, a perfect winter day. We had our regular classes, with three good meals and now I'm diverting the rest of the evening to you...Nothing new in the line of news, except that it's one day sooner to my coming home. I hope ahope ahope. A rumor is hanging around that they are only gonna give five days, instead of ten or more, because of the great need of manpower overseas. If that happens, after my waiting for over 14 months for a furlough, I'd rather go to the guardhouse. I'll simply refuse to soldier. Hope it's not true, for if (so) I'm afraid I'm heading for some stormy days ahead...Received your lovely letter of Tuesday and must say that the mail service sure has been fast...I gave up hopes about the Xmas card, but read now where you received it. It makes me very happy, for I don't want things lost that are sent to you. Have you received a package yet, with rations that I have sent? Thought I'd let you try the food that is in them, with the coffee. They taste fairly good when one is hungry. Ha ha ha. In all fairness, they are nourishing, with plenty of gas to follow. Be careful if you try them...Yes, darling, by all means take the Xmas tree down, for it won't be until the middle of Jan--and maybe after--that I come home...Ha ha ha. Susan (N.B. Susan is the dog) got a new coat? Heh, did her fur coat wear out? What am I gonna do? I've really got troubles. How am I gonna be able to keep you up half the night, to say the least, and then have to send you to work the following morning? Think fast. You're in for a lot of dining and dancing...I can't figure out the setup either, but the only reason I can think, of giving us infantry and then M.P. schooling, is to qualify us as combat M.P.s--the real McCoy. There are no Class D(?) / P(?) men in our outfit and all have Q rating, which stands for 'qualifying.'...No, I didn't receive any candy as yet from the masons. Probably is lost by now, because their gifts always

followed by a day or so before their notification...Gee, you folks sure are having some wild weather, according to all reports. I better come home well prepared...I'm planning on a quiet, but a fine, hilarious time for just the two of us. Nothing is stopping us; you can count on that...We might be able to see Sonja Henie, then Jan 17th. Believe I will be home by then within the day...Yes, our N.Y. Eve was the very same. Never did I witness a quieter one...Yes, I'm trying hard for a shoe coupon, but you know the red tape one has to go through and then have to run into the O.P.A. office in town...Gee, there will be so many things we'll want to do and we won't have time, I bet...However, we'll do the most important, and that is spending time together.

Jan 6, 1945--Good evening (and) the best of everything to you. Oh, it seems my furlough isn't getting closer. It just ain't coming fast enough...A terrible day, raining, misty, although it stopped toward evening. Had our regular classes and from 3:00 to 5:00 pm they took us out to a miniature village and ran trucks through the streets to give the boys practical knowledge of traffic cops. It sure was muddy--ankle deep--just like it would be on any front...At 5:30 we had chow--some good stew, with coffee, and cake, and lettuce salad...After chow I was asked if I'd care to bowl tonight, and after a bit of persuasion I went. Didn't want to go because of the weather and the crowd on Sat nights, but we started out early and managed to get an alley. Bowled five games and what scores, dear. Luck was with me. It was my night: 195 - 186 - 178 - 191 - 165. We started at about 7:00 pm and was through at 8:45. There was only the two of us. We left then and stopped for a hot roast beef sandwich, and coffee, and also a frozen custard, and then boarded a bus back to camp...So, here I am, dear. Eleven bells and all is well, except I wish I were with you...It got very misty out and the bus had to travel very slow, in order not to have an accident. It probably will rain all day tomorrow, because it's Sunday...Yes, our N.Y. Eve was pretty much the same--quiet and just another night...Spec numbers are numbers that will classify you in your Army training, plus your civil job or occupation. I understand mine was changed here recently, with a good many others, and don't know the reason. However, we'll know very shortly. Ha, ha, ha. Believe the old number was 677, which stands for M.P., and now it is 756, which stands for expert rifleman. Don't be alarmed, dear. Perhaps it don't mean a thing...Yes, our delay in route will give us our advanced base, whatever it might be--South Pacific, or the Western Front...Closing night clubs, dear, is only a war scare or propoganda. That's the technique they use...Yes, I, too, received word about Al Hauck getting married--in Chicago, I believe. Knowing Al, he must have some assurances that he'll be on this side of the ocean, if he married, unless there is another side to the story. However, let's wish him luck and happiness. Mothers are all believed to be the same. They all want their daughters and son to do the right thing and marry the right boy or girl. They probably are not aware of the fact that both have their own mind and are old enough to make those decisions. Guess that will always be the case with mothers...

Jan 7, 1945--Another rainy day, all in all it was a blue Sunday. Didn't do very much, but studied my notes, washed a few clothes, wrote a letter home, read the paper, lounged around, chewed the fat, and here I am now, writing (you)...Had lamb for dinner, or mutton. It wasn't bad, but I've tasted better. Ha, ha, ha. This eve we had toasted cheese sandwiches, puddin', coffee, noodle soup, peas, and carrots...Oh yes, I've been very lucky this weekend. There were many details this weekend, of one kind or other, and believe it or not, there were four of us who didn't catch it. Lucky, lucky, lucky, don't you think?...Thinking

of going home and the day goes so slow. Yet, it's more than a week before we leave. Yes, the anticipation is so great. It's a great thrill knowing you'll be there. All I can say is that it will be a great day...There was nothing new in the passing of the day, although it cleared up a bit this evening and got somewhat colder...We'll go to bed early and prepare for the last three days of school here. I'm just wondering what my next order will read...Well, I'll sign off and hope to have more news for you tomorrow. So, until then, keep smiling for me, stay true blue.

Jan 9, 1945--Anything new? Hope you're feeling fine and that nasty head cold gone and forgotten by the time this letter reaches you. I just received word of it and hope it is gone by now...I didn't write a letter yesterday for this reason: We received word that a written test will be given to us today, on traffic control, which will be very important, so all of us five in the barrack or hut studied diligently...This morning we were awakened on time and the plans have been changed and we went on town traffic duty. We did that and our test was postponed until tomorrow...I have a few minutes, so I'm managing to let you know of the few things that are taking place...First, there are good indications that I'll be on my way home by the time you receive this letter, so don't write any from today on. Secondly, I prepared another package to be sent ahead of time, for the only thing we can have is G.I. issue, which means only and just G.I., so everything else I have I've already packed and ready to go...Next, we'll be shipped to one of three places: 1) Somewhere in Texas--a very slim chance (only for those that are disqualified for overseas); 2) Fort Ord, Calif; 3) Fort Meade, Maryland. By all indications, the greater majority will be sent to Fort Meade, Maryland...We finish up our course here tomorrow and for the balance of the week we'll be awaiting orders and turning in equipment...This is about all that happened in the last two days, but there shall be more. Ha, ha, ha...It got terribly cold overnight and the temps fell from about 58 to 26 this 8:00 am. The wind blew up and it sure did blow all night long...I like your taste in picking out the new records. They all sound very good and (I) will be waiting patiently to hear them played with you...First, you can bet I'll be landing in Newark, with a smooth, well-shaven, powdered-up face. Ha, ha, ha...I can't promise you too much on a shoe stamp. Seems like several of us are getting a run-around, or else somebody has overdone it. However, there seems to be an awful lot of red tape. I'm still waiting for the certificate from our orderly room...Gee, it's a shame the way some fellows have left themselves go physically. The picture of health and at one time or other they contracted a V. Disease and it has come back on them. We have had several cases of in the last four or five weeks. Secondly, they went out over New Year's and shacked up with some facsimile of a cutie and now are sweating it out, worrying about whether they have contracted anything. The thing is, before they can come home on furlough they are inspected and if detected, why their furlough or delay in route is cancelled...It's great (that we're) both waiting so patiently for each other, knowing each other to be true blue and pure and honest and clean.

Jan 10, 1945--Good evening, darling. Do hope your cold has left and you're well on the way of recovery...Beautiful day it was and even more beautiful tonight...Well, we finished our training program today and was informed that we will continue classes until our orders for shipment come in, which will be at any time until Jan 21st the latest. So we all will be on edge for about another ten days at least...We will turn in all equipment and keep only our winter O.D. clothes, plus one sun tan shirt and the balance of our clothing will also be turned in...Our test we had today was a success and most everyone passed it, although our marks were withheld. My own should be 90 or better, because I was sure of all but two or

three true or false questions, which I guess(ed) at...Guess what happened today. Guess what. (I) received my Xmas gift from the lodge. Yep, a two or three pound box of chocolates. The best part of it was after traveling, following me to every camp I've been in, including Saratoga, (it arrived) in tip top shape. Enjoyed a good piece of chocolate and I'll have a piece every day...I forwarded another package tonight, dear; probably the last, for we were informed of a show down inspection tomorrow, so I must send everything that was my own--underwear, towels, two extra new toothbrushes, your penknife gift, and other small incidentals, and your sweet and lovely letters. It cost, all together, \$1.21 with insurance. I also sent a pair of fatigues--a small size--home, for the men to wear. Believe they will fit Uncle Stan. Perhaps they'll take the hint. Ha, ha, ha...Received two lovely letters, dear. The mails sure are prompt these days--those of Jan 6 and 7...Glad you received the rations I sent home. Wait till you try them, or I prepare them. Ha, ha, ha. Say, if any of that stuff I sent home makes soldiers out of men folks at home, I'll stop immediately. I wish that luck to no one...Yes, darling, money goes fast these days. Sundries is one thing we all need and they sure do count up...Guess this is about all the news I have for today, so I'll sign off.

Jan 11, 1945--What's cooking? Anything? Things are beginning to buzz around and the good word for the day is that I should be home on the day this letter arrives, about Wed the 17th. Yes, they handed out orders to those that are being shipped to Fort Ord, Calif and they are all non-coms. Good thing I'm a P.F.C. or that would have been my next stop. However, knowing I'm not going there, I'll let you guess where I'll be going. Yep, go ahead and guess; one hundred to one you're right. We weren't told officially as yet, but will be Sat or Monday before we board a transfer for home...That is the news for the day. Ha, ha, ha. Doesn't seem like much, but it is important...It was a grand day and all I did was have a clothing check and all salvage clothing turned in for exchanges. So, right at this moment I'm ready to go home...Tell Mother not to worry about fattening me up. We are here two weeks and will be one more, or a few days less three, and at the rate of work with the good eats, I'll be as heavy as you say you are. Ha, ha, ha. Who is gonna dislike who? We'll both have the same job of trimming each other up, won't we? Just ideal I says. Ha, ha, ha.

Jan 12, 1945--Another day closer to coming home to you. We did nothing but hang around our huts and marked time all day. This we will do until Monday, when I believe we'll be on our way home. Nothing is definite as to our orders as yet, but rumor has it that half of our unit will go to Fort Ord, Calif and half of us to Fort Meade, Md. If so, I hope I'm lucky just once and managed to go to Ft. Meade. It's just awful the way the Army can waste time at times. Ha, ha, ha. Did I make myself clear in that sentence? First of all, the day drags along so slowly. Secondly, you smoke yourselves to death when one could be on his way home to a loved one. Yep, they do some awful funny things at times...Our chow was good again and as I said yesterday, if I were to stay here much longer, I really would grow out of proportion. Ha, ha, ha. ...The news is really skimpy today, but then nothing at all took place...Glad to hear you and Mother enjoyed the movies. The pictures sounded good. It won't be long and you'll be taking me. Ha, ha, ha. I mean I'll be taking you...Sorry to hear about Dad's trouble with the accident. Don't let it worry him and if the guy is really mean, let him take all the action he wants. Threatening letters don't mean a thing...Getting back to my hair trim, I don't want to disillusion you, for I didn't even want to write about it and am now hoping it grows fast. Because I didn't spend \$2.10 in the



barber shop this morning, it seemed as though he gave me the business...And NOW, getting back to the moolah, I have a well-prepared expense account and you knowing (sic) how I can fix that up. Why putting 2 & 2 together, you have the answer. Ha, ha, ha. Guess you don't go in for this kind of kidding, heh?...Received your Tues letter today, a very sweet and lovely one indeed...Glad you mentioned the fact about cigarettes. I'll manage to get some other than P. Morris. They ration them off to us one pack a day. It's thrilling to know you, too, will play the devil with me...Honey, that ration can that rattles has biscuits in it. Wait till you see and taste them...Say, Honey, since Susan (N.B. Susan is the dog) is a wave now, you can hang another star in the window. Ha, ha, ha. That makes two of us...It would be nice if you could work it out somehow of not reporting to work for a couple of days. Gee, I won't have any time at all with you if you don't...Yes, now that Sonja will be at the Garden from the 17th to Feb 8, I'm sure we can make it a must...Honey, I have some good news so far as gasoline is concerned. The delay in route, which we get, allots us a gal. a day, for the day at home, with an affidavit affixed to my orders, directing a rationing board to allot gasoline for me. Don't know exactly how much, but I'm sure we can get by...It's pretty definite now and all signs indicate I'll be on my way sometime Monday, getting home late Tuesday and Wednesday morning. Either this letter and perhaps one more tomorrow will be my last from Arky, because I'll be beating the mails home after tomorrow...Can't say there is any more news, so I'll sign off for the balance of the evening.

Jan 31, 1945--Once again I'm back to my old stuff. A letter a day (I hope) keeps the other guy away. How are you? The very best, I hope. Remember I left you in the best of everything...Wanna congratulate you . You were a braver girl than I thought you were, on our departure. Hope all is well with you down at the plant...I had a fair trip across the country and glad I left the day I planned. My train connections were on time, with an average of two to three hours lay over at each time I changed trains, which made up (for) the day that I was early. Got into camp on the day, on the hour. Practically to the minute...Ft. Ord is a beautiful camp, but a good camp to stay away from. The score is up and I'll be leaving a Pacific port with a destination unknown. It can be anywhere and any way. We are being processed here and then will be shipped to a P.O.E...Today we had a 50 yard swim to make, which every G.I. is required to pass, so I had no difficulty with that...My pen just went dry and writing under my conditions (in the latrine), I'm forced to use a pencil. Ha, ha, ha...I made out an allotment and tried to have it made out to you, but couldn't do so, so I made it out to Ma and the most I could make it out for was \$35. It will be taken out beginning in March. So Ma will in turn let you have it...We will be here anywhere from three to thirty days, usually about eight days, perhaps eleven, and seldom thirty days are the G.I.s here...Our meals are good, with no complaints...Rumors are a dime a dozen--or better-- and the best is to discount them all...Gonna sign off and will write again tomorrow. Everything is somewhat mixed up, bring shifted around every hour, that very little time has been left.